Pack in Full Cry-A Pretty Dos Shot.

r-hunting ground in the swamps of the Tom Bigbee river. The people there call it the "Bigbe," and where the name in full or in short came from I cannot tell. It is a long, crooked, narrow stream, on which "stern-wheel steamers" "stern-wheel steamers" run in the winter months from Mobile to Tuskalaosa. In mer the water is so low and sand-bars

summer the water is so low and sand-bars are so numerous that nothing but the smallest steamers will risk their flat bottoms on its treacherous shoals.

At the time I write of there had been a long season of aimost drought, and only one boat had gone above the small town of Demopolis. Arriving here at night, we were assured that we would soon hear the hoarse whistle of the boat as she "rounded the bend" just one mile away. It was nine miles around, and as the Bigbee steamers are not quite as swift as a "Cunarder," we could easily take a nap and still have time enough to meet her at "the landing." We might have gone to the hotel, but we thought it useless when we would have to rise so soon. Two of our party, who would float down the river for wild ducks, sought a bed, leaving orders for an early breakfast, but we, the other two, who were waiting for the boat, took all "our trans"—guns, blaskets, satchels, etc.—and went into the waiting-room of the warehouse. DUBKY SNORERS.

This was a small room, twelve feet equare, boarded up with undressed plank, and contained a small egg-shaped stove, Around it were several spit-bottom chairs and a wooden bench. These were closely packed with a succession of lazy negroes, who had loafed in from one cause or another and who soon fell asleep under the genial warmth of the stove.

A negro can sleep in any place, and in any position. Let his shins feel the fire and he will rock his head from side to side and nod and snore as soundly as if he were stretched out on the softest bed or the hardest board. And/to watch the grotesque figures of these "sleeping beauties" fitfally nodding in the dim light of a lamp was unmixed fun for many a weary hour. Now and then some restless one would be aroused or imagine that the deep snore of some beaving chest was the whistle of the steamer. Then would shine the whites of many eyes and the pearl of many teeth from the black faces of the mirthful sleepers. But in a few moments all would quiet down again into a stillness only broken by the barsh snores of these lusty lungs. THE WHISTLE.

THE WHISTLE.

Thus passed the night, and when the faint dawning of the day was seen through the cracks in the open walls at last we heard the sound of that deep, coarse whistle for which we had vainly listened every moment during the livelong night. It startled the sleeping town. The chickens crowed and the dogs began to bark. Cold as we were, and knowing that two hours more must pass before that boat could "round the bend," still we were so weary of our waiting that we went out upon the bluff and shivered in the damp, wintry wind of the morning.

"Here she comes at last!" rang out from the bluff, and sure enough there were the colored lights, the huge smokestacks side by side pouring out dense volumes of black smoke, the great furnaces blazing with pine-knots, and the plash of the flutter-wheel at the stern as she swing round with the current, and the bow was made fast to a tree by a long rope flung out upon the shore.

TYPICAL RIVER BOAT.

TYPICAL RIVER BOAT.

TYPICEL RIVER BOAT.

What a boat! A huge flatboat, without a gunwail, but a sharp bow, and the deck, widening out toward the centre, and then receding to the stern. In front a pair of stairs branching to either side and leading to the cabin deck. Above this another smaller range of rooms, and above these, perched high up between the smokestacks, the "pilot-house," at which the pilot stood with both hands grasping the wheel.

Between decks there was an open space some twelve feet high, the upper deck being supported by small beams down each side the boat. In front were the boilers and furnaces, and all around these cords of light-wood, or pine-knots, used for fuel in these river boats. Back of the boilers was the open space for freight-crowded now with bales of cotton, cattle, and horses. Back of all these were the engines connected with the boilers by steam pipes suspended from overhead, while two huge "walking beams" turned the flutter wheel at the stern with iron cranks.

Mounting the stairway we entered the

wheel at the stern with iron cranks.

Mounting the stairway we entered the saloon, which extended the whole length of the boat and on each side of which were the small state-rooms, with two berths to each. In one of these we soon forgot our sorrows and "slept the sleep of the just."

The loud cursing of the mate, the song of the colored stevedores as they rolled the cotton bales down the bank, the glare of the pine-knots blazing on an iron basket. the pine-knots blazing on an iron basket, all were lost as we wrapped ourselves up in the calico quits and comforts and made up for lost time in a sleep so deep that nothing could disturb.

A DREABY SCENE.

A DREARY SCENE.

Breakfast was over and our disgusted duck-hunters had been picked up out of the rain, when we were at last aroused. It was a dreary scene. The rain was falling in torrents. The high banks shut out all sight of the flat country, and there were but few passengers to share the discomforts of that dismal day.

Sparkling jokes fell flat and insipid, and the monotony of misery was only broken now and then by "a landing." About 4 in the evening we slipped down the gaugplank, one by one, amid the pouring rain, floundered through the mud up the slippery bank, and were welcomed to a log cabin or stilts by those who were to meet us for the hunt. Under the house, which stood ten feet above ground for fear of freshets, were the hounds—eighteen in all—and such yelping and howling as made a perfect pandemonium. A MERRY CROWD.

A MEREY CROWD.

But when we sat around the large, open fireplace, balf the width of the house, piled up with blazing pine-knots, and laughed and told tales and eracked jokes and quizzed each other, all discomforts were forgotten, and we were as merry a crowd as ever sat around a camp-fire. The rain still poured, the roof leaked, and the cold wind whistled through the cracks. But under us were the growling throats that would make music in the morning, and all around us were those dark deep, moss-grown woods where many a buck and many a doe were leaving the fatal tracks that would give the trail in the morning.

Other hunters were to meet us from the neighborhood, and some had already reached camp when our boat hore to at the landing. Soon large wagons rolled up packed with bedding and provisions. But all were well drenched with rain, and the first thing was to dry out the mattresses and covering and seek a place across the room where there was no leak in the roof and where the floor was dry.

Across the open hall was another room which we used as kitchen and servants' room. Here our man, "Ross," soon had the pot boiling with delicious coffee and when he set the table we were regaled by the bountiful stores of beef, fowl, preserves, bread, biscuit, and cakes which kind ladies had packed away. Our own boxes of canned goods and a barrel of apples and oranges all added made a most sumptuous feast. A biessing having been asked we sli set down to a hearty meal and then those who smoked lighted their cigars and we all grouped around the open hearth with its cracking fire and Munchausen himself would have witted under the wondrous dear stores, fish stories, snake stories, that succeeded until the "wee sma' hours." Wood was inexhaustible, and in the servants' room were numbers of necroes who had been drawn to set to the servants' room were numbers of necroes. hours." Wood was inexhaustible, and in the servants' room were numbers of negroes, who had been drawn together to get a "square meal," see the gentlemen, beg "seo bits," or "a chaw of tobaccer." The negroe knows the free-handed southern hunters with a natural tondness for fun. He is always about when there is on hand a funeral, a dance, or a hunt. With them a funeral is a specialty, and I have known of funerals over the ashes of negroes that had been dead for years and whose "memory was precious," merely because it gave an occasion for a "big funeral," to which they would flock from a circuit of ten miles.

NEORO RUNTERS.

Dancing and corn-shucking have "played out," but most of them own a gun or an old masket and are fond of hunting, mostly abbits, which abound in the old sedge felds of forsaken and uncultivated lands. Only a few will aspire to a deer-bunt, but we had two good shots with us on this unit. One of these was "Uncle Dan"," who rode a mule and had an old single-marrel muzzle-loader about six feet long, which he always carried across the poming of first saddle.

He had become a famous "driver" for leer, and having belonged to General W. we knew how to get the inside track of centlemen on a deer hunt. He knew all he dogs in the country, and would ride orig miles on his mule to take part in a NEGRO HUNTERS.

from whose decision there was no appeal. Various charges are trumped up, testimony taken, and speeches made on both sides. After this the judge renders his decision, the culprit is lined, and the fines are paid over to the negro camp attendants. In this way Uncle Daniel had pocketed a good many dollars.

A banker of our party, who had just paid a fine of \$5 for letting a buck run by his stand, told Uncle Dan't that he would give him \$5 apiece for every deer he would run by his stand the next day. He took the hint and in collusion with the other drivers he drove two at one time, and the banker killed both and gladiy paid over the \$10 for the fun. In this way and as a token of friendship money enough was collected to buy for the old hunter a fine double-barrel breech-loader, which Uncle Dan'l now totes on his old mule.

Bedtime came at last, and after a merry wrangic over the question the mattresses A DARGAIN.

beatune came at last, and after a merry wrangle over the question the mattresses were spread across the whole width of the room, and all nine of us, packed like sardines, stretched out under buffaio robes and blankets for the hopeless purpose of securing "forty winks of sleep."

CAMI-S EEFINO. The rain still poured upon the roof, and The rain still poured upon the root, and spattering drops tell upon the door. The wind blew in gusts, making the cabin rock and tremble on its strits. The dogs would break out into a howl or get into a fight or push open the door, seeking warmer quarters. And if one person wanted to change position all the rest, spoonmould isshion, had to turn over. This mould ashion, had to turn over. This would start a smothered growl from some one, and this would start a suppressed titter on the part of a more humorous of anniable comrade. And thus most of that weary, dreary night passed away, until before daybreak floss came in to replenish the fire, set the breakfast-table, and get us all ready for the hunt.

Deer-hunting in the mountains is a very different thing from deer-hunting in the low lands. The first buck I ever saw and ever killed came creeping to my stand on the bank of a mountain stream two hours before I heard the bounds. But in the flat woods or swamps of Alabama you can hear the first hound that opens on a cold trail and then, though two miles away, you can hear the others of the pack as they gather on the trail. You hear them as the scent grows warmer, as the deer is started, and then follows the music of the whole pack, as they double and wind from point to point. You can hear each gun that is fired, and then the long "toot, toot, toot" of the driver, who thus calls all the standers in to where the deer is killed. And from the moment when the first faint sound of a dog comes to you the nerves are stretched to the greatest tension and you histen and watch with the keenest interest for the bounding deer, who must be shot on the instant or your chance is gone. THE HUNT. hance is gone. Before sunrise we were mounted. Some

were on mules and some on horses. Some had blind bridles and some had riding-bridles. Some had old army saddles—the relics of the war—and some had soft, pad-ded saddles of the gentry. A STAND.

Two white drivers with "Uncle Dan'l" and all the hounds started slowly in one direction, while we who were to take the stands rode more rapidly out into the woods. The first stand, being a good one, and I the real guest of the crowd, was unanimously assigned to me. Tying my horse in the bushes behind me so as to elude the keen eyes of the deer, I mounted an old log and became fixed as a statue. an old log and became fixed as a statue.
Just beyond a high rail fence was a reedy
thicket, out of which the deer was expected to run and as he jumped the fence
I was to fire.

gards away. A GOOD SHOT.

I heard no sound of deer, but through an upper crack of the fence I saw her soft, beautiful efes, and through a lower crack there was a spot of shoulder as large as my hand. It was a doe, and while listening to the dogs she was dehberating whether to jump the fence and send through the woods or to dodge back into the thicket. It was but a moment, but I had to choose between taking a deer "on the fly" or shooting between fence-logs at a four-inch space. Quick as thought I threw up my gun and fired. A moment more the dogs came up, and without a halt followed the trail. Within a hundred yards they stopped, and there lay my beautiful doe, with one shot in the shoulder, which had glanced and pierced the heart.

one shot in the shoulder, which had glanced and pierced the heart.

FOUR DEER STARTED.

The finest drive we made that day was suddenly thrust upon us. Our stands were near a road, through a large swamp, and the "captain of the hunt" put me at the wrong spot. I was near enough to hear all and to see one deer but not near enough to shoot. The does started four deer at once, and three shots were fired at the first one, which made a dispute as to who had killed it, while the other three ran on with eighteen dogs in full blast. For more than two hours, during which we counted sixteen guns, there was a continuous, unbroken cry of the dogs in full chase. Two of the deer were killed and another crippled while the dogs ran out of hearing and closed the hunt.

In the mean time, while sitting at the root of a large tree listening and watching, there came a large 'coon and sat on a log looking at me. I felt sure it was a 'coon, but thought maybe it was a wildcat or some other varmint, for what was a 'coon doing bristling up his hair, curling his tail, and crawling toward me? The dogs had crossed the road on which were our stands and I had stood the impudence of that 'coon long enough.

THE "'coon."

that 'coon long enough.

THE "'COON."

Raising my gun I fired and tumbled him over, wounded with a single buckshot. As he still seemed "spling for a fight" I slipped in a duck cartridge and ended his pluck and his misery at the same time.

We have said that of the three [railroad] commissioners one should be a practical railroad-man chosen by the railroads; one should be a shipping merchant (chosen, if you please, by the Richmond Chamber of Commerce), and the third should be a practical farmer. They should be fresh, active men-engaged in the different occupations from which they are taken, and in as strong contrast as possible to stale, rancid politicians, who will be after the place for "what there is in it."—Stanson Yndicator.

TEN UP-A PREDECESSOR. The Recent Horse Show and " Horse Play at the Opera-House-The Finest Horse on Fifth Avenue-Wealth and Title.

dence of the Richmond Dispatch. NEW York, December 26,-In the social world only small receptions and the usual quota of teas and minor events are taking place. Society people are holding back for the great functions of the season, Mr. McAllister's subscription balls and the great annual Charity ball which have been the features of New York's winters for the past thirty-two years and which is this year set for the 29th instant. The subscription balls are gotten up merely for pleasure. A certain amount of money is subscribed by a certain amount of persons. Each one of the persons who have thus given the money are entitled to receive a certain number of tickets which may be distributed among personal friends. The method is very simple, and by the exclusiveness of the subscription-list the effairing guaranteed to be a gitt-edged one. The mode of operating is something like this: Suppose the leader wishes to give a ball which shall cost \$15,000—to place it at a very moderate sum. Perhaps fifty people are invited to subscribe \$300 each, and in return tor value received each one of the subscribers is presented with fifty tickets for personal and private distribution. All year set for the 29th instant. The subreturn for value received each one of the subscribers is presented with fifty tickets for personal and private distribution. All this differs greatly from the Charity ball, which is started primarily for charity and is conducted from beginning to end with that object in view. The only way and the only time when the charitable intent is lost sight of is when some one not in favor with the gilt edged Four Hundred attempts to purchase a ticket. To the Four Hundred tickets to the Charity ball are \$5 each. To others they are not obtainable at any price. About 1,000 tickets are issued, and at \$5 each the snur sum of \$5,000 is realized. This is the smallest sum that has ever been netted and only one year did the amount tall as low as this. For some reason, not clearly understood by any one, money is more plentiful some For some reason, not every more plentiful som years than others. There are years when everybody seems cramped in funds. Anothen there are others when people are flush. Nothing feels a stricture in the money market as quickless does a charitable institution of a charitable affair of any kind. When yours economize the people find out they must econo immediately cut down on the s immediately cut down on the sum which they had intended to give away. So, though the greatest social event of the winter—the Charity ball—never suffers greatly, there are yet seasons when the coffers are not as neavy as in others. The greatest bosm in the history of the Charity ball was enjoyed in 1850, the year the Prince of Wales was over here. Although the Charity ball was only celebrating its second anniversary, the tickets sold at such prices that over \$30,000 was gathered in a lump for the pet charitable institution which the ball is designed to benefit.

The CHILD'S HOSFITAL.

THE CHILD'S HOSPITAL. It is not generally known that the begin ning of the Babies' Nursery and Child's Hospital was a very small building rented by some charitable people for the benefit of the children of wet-nurses. These poor lattle waifs had been left to get along haphazard as best they could in almshouses and almost anywhere, and the mortality among them was 90 per cent. The mothers of the children were away caring for the an old log and became fixed as a statue.

Just beyond a high rail fence was a reedy thicket, out of which the deer was expected to run and as he jumped the fence was a treedy thicket, out of which the deer was expected to run and as he jumped the fence was to fre.

Scarcely had the sound of the other hunters died away when I heard the loud voice of 'Uncle Dan'! as "Tilden" broke out on a very cold trail. Then came the whining voice of a small spotted hound, which he called "Tule." One by one her rest of the pack joined in, and in half an hour they were in full cry. But, also for me! They were going the other way, and there I stood, and waited and watched and histoned; for another deer might come my way, creeping out of the drive. Fast, and they were doubling and coming back my were

was precisely for the same purpose and was patronized by the same purpose and was patronized by the same people. It would not be wonderful if the delusion that every excitement must be to some extent equine went so far that the theatre parties this winter would only patronize places of amusement which present burlesques or farces that afford a good deal of "horse play." Two or three of the Wagner operas not only permit but compel the introduction of horses, and as these are the only features in the opera likely to momentarily interest the principal patrons they can go through the present Italian or French, or anything but German season with the consolation that the box chatter will not be disturbed by anything on the stage. It has been more than amusing to read in the newspapers the grave criticisms of operatic performances already given. But the same sort of amusement has been afforded eversince the Metropolitan Opera-House was opened. This great brick barn of a building was orginally the Cave of Aduliam of the disgruntled, newly-made millionnaires who could not get boxes in the close corporation then existing, the stockholders in the Academy of Music. To be sure, the new mashroom set drew the old set into the big barn, for when the old Academy was sold for an every-day show-shop for whatever attraction might come along, there must needs be a place for opera, otherwise for horse show. For the past six or seven years the performances in the big barn have professedly been Wagnerian, though very few of the box-buyers would have known the difference of the opera had been Hibernian. And herein hes the fun of the elaborate criticisms, as if the lyric representation on the stage, of whatever "school" or character, was of any consequence in comparison with the horse show and horse play in the boxes. Plain people, professing only to be lovers of music, with such accessories in the way of acting and scenery as opera admits, who have gone to the big barn and paid their money in the folishe people who "owned" the big barn

sight" I slipped in a duck cartridge and ended his pluck and his misery at the same time.

Then came the hunters, one by one, wondering what in the world I had found to shoot at: and when they saw the 'coon I could hear the low whisper and see the side-long glances, and knew they would have me before the court that night and fine me heavily. But I tied up my 'coon behind the saddle, and as we rode into camp Ross met us. When he saw the 'coon he raised both hands and exclaimed, "Law, Doctor, I 'clar fore goodness, I ruther have dat 'coon dan de biggest deer of de whole lot," I whispered to him, "Ross, you can have the 'coon for your Christmas dinner if you get me off before the court to-night." The bargain was struck, but as we were eating our late dinner, or early supper, we heard a steamboat coming up atream, and as the river had risen twenty feet and was still rising, and it was thought best for me to leave, those got the 'coon and I missed my trial and Uncle Daniel the fine.

Old Box.

We have said that of the three [railroad] commissioners one should be a practical railroad-man chosen by the railroads; one should be a shipping merchant (chosen, if you please, by the Richmond Chamber of Commerce), and the third should be a practical farmer. They should be fresh, active mer, engaged in the different occu-

hunt. Uncto Daniel was always around the camic-fire at right, when the day's NEW YORK'S BIG BALL and when the beautiful house was built it the camic-fire at right, when the day's NEW YORK'S BIG BALL and when the beautiful house was built it was known and long known as the Stevens

and when the beautiful house was built it was known and long known as the Stevens house. There was another charming residence in Newport. In that seaside town Mrs. Stevens obtained a divorce from her husband on the easy ground of "non-support." Nobody supposed from the day of his marriage that he supported her. But there was a French Marquis de Talleyrand-Perigord, a descendant of the disreputable old diplomatist who originally bore the title. He had before favored this country with his presence and had married a rich woman in Boston. As he wanted to marry the rich Mrs. Stevens, while she in Newport got a divorce, in Newport, he, in Paris, procured adivorce from his wife, nossibly on the ground of "non-support." All this was less than four years ago. Mrs. Stevens obtained her share of the Talleyrand-Perigord title, but the Duc got none of the Sampson fortune, which was secured to the Stevens children. Within a week the "Duchess de Dino," as she is by her Talleyrand-Perigord marriage, has consented to permit her daughter, Mabel Stevens, to drop to a countess, and a Polish countess at that. Mabel's husband's name is Orlowski, and the grand-daughter of old Josiah Sampson can claim, with her mother, to belong to the "nobility." It is a wonder that the late Count Johannes was suffered to drag along here for years a lone, lorn widower, and that the Maquis de Leuville was permitted to depart unmarried from our golden shores.

New York and The Worklo's FAIR.
Only one journal in New York city is in-HOW SUBSCRIPTION BALLS ARE GOT

NEW YORK AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Only one journal in New York city is inimical to the Columbian Exposition and the venerable editor thereof is fairly malignant against Chicago. He is especially bitter in his opposition to a congressional grant or even loan "to Chicago." Yet, as reasonable people are disposed to put it, the favor is not "to Chicago," but to what we assume to be a national enterprise. If the exhibition were to be "local" and of concern to Chicago only this State would not appropriate \$800,000, as it is likely to do this winter, merely to be "represented in the show." There is a constantly-increasing interest in the fair, especially in this city, which very justly expects to derive material benefit from it. The proposal to remove the old Van Renssalaer mansion, the "Patroon's," from near Albany to Chicago is more romantic than practical. The surroundings and local history alone make all such places memorable. If the late Barnum had succeeded, as he scriously intended, in removing the Shakspeare house from Stratford-on-Avon to the American Museum, it would have lost its attraction, and that generally shrewd showman would NEW YORK AND THE WORLD'S FAIR. have found it a poor speculation. This State will do its share if it sends to Chicago specimens of its manufactures and arts and thousands of visitors with lots of

The threat to depose Butler McAllister and to put Mr. Harry Le Grand Cannon in his place has temporarily failed through the shread management of the Butler himself. He even succeeded in taking down seif. He even succeeded in taking down his would-be successor a peg or two by promoting another guided youth to the lofty position of leader of the cotillon. And since the Butler has been around the markets buying turkers and terrapins for public balls and for private tables he claims that he has advanced in social grade from Butler to Steward. Its further announced that he proposes to act as mentor or maker of good manners, of which the smart set, at opera or elsewhere, display sad need. McAllister prints in his book, "Manners maketh men," andsays it is an "old proverb." It must be very old, indeed, quite antedating modern uses of English, if "manners" can be nominative to "maketh." Such little lapses in the conventional methods of manupulating our United States language are unfortunate just as the Steward of manipulsing our United States language are unfortunate just as the Steward publicly announces that he intends to collect the social slop he has been running through one of the Sunday society sewers. Another book by McAllister: At this rate, with "Burk's Feerage," McVickar's "Our Amateur Circus," "The Up-town Directory," and two books by the Steward, the Four Hundred will begin to boast of their "hibrarten."

I dropped into the office of Mr. Duval, the genial secretary of Chauncey M. Depew, the other morning, and while there was given a glimpse of some of the queer letters which daily pour into theofice, the majority of which, I am pleased to say, never reach the desk of the president of the great New York Central. One letter particularly struck me. It was that of a centlemen who anonymously informed Mr. particularly struck me. It was that of a gentleman who anonymously informed Mr. Depew that he was a fraud and a greatly overestimated man. "This fellow," said Mr. Duyai, "writes a letter to Mr. Depew every time he sees a reference to one of Mr. Depew's speeches or addresses in A of Mr. Depew's species of advesses in the species of the toprevent Mr. Depew from ever thinking well of himself. He has wasted enough postage stamps in five years to buy himself a suit of clothes, and still Mr. Depew self a suit of clothes, and sain an expension of the goes right on making speeches. Sometimes has criticisms are amusing. Often they are coarse and insolent." It is to be hoped that this crank's hostility to Chaunch will not assume the bomb-slinging

SENTENCED FOR HORSE-STEALING. Admirable Water for Manufacturing Purposes-The Gallows for Watkins.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.] [Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]

Salem, December 24.—At the term of the County Court this week, William Johnson (colored) was sentenced to fourteen years in the penitentiary for stealing a horse from a Roanoke farmer last September.

Deputy United States Collector Sam. White, of Salem, and Deputy United States Marshal Mills, of Roanoke, made a trip last Monday night to a small illied still at Otter View, twenty-five miles south of Bedford City. They found no one at home, and after waiting till daybreak Tuesday morning they cut up the still, destroyed the tubs, and played havoe generally.

SAD ACCIDENTS.

SAD ACCIDENTS.

James Trent while coupling cars at the furnace the other morning had his left arm terribly crushed and had to give up his job to another man, who two mornings after had his left arm almost as badly mashed. mashed.

The boiler, engine, and pumps at the

The boiler, engine, and pumps at the Salem water works were recently inspected by an expert engineer from New York, who was astonished to find that after fourteen months' constant use there was little or no scale in the boiler, showing that the water here is admirably adapted for manufacturing purposes.

The Board of Trade has recently received letters from a northern manufacturer who desires to move a knitting mill

ceived letters from a northern manufac-turer who desires to move a knitting-mill to Salem, and as he is moderate in his de-mands something may come of it. Judge Griffin goes to Abingdon next Monday to hold court on Tuesday for Judge Ward, who is indirectly interested in a case to be tried there.

in a case to be tried there.

HIS GENIAL COMPANION.

Charles Deaton, a young carriage-builder, left here Tuesday night for a visit to his home in Carthage, N. C. He met a pleasant stranger on the train, fell asieep, and when he reached Lynchburg his money was gone and so was the genial acquaint-

ance.

The gallows for the condemned negro wife-murderer, Charles Watkins, will be erected next week. In an interview with representatives of the local press Wednesday Charles talked and acted as though crazy on the subject or religion. MRS. R. C. SCOTT'S RECEPTION. Indignation in Warrenton About the Fail-

ure of the Bank.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch,]
Warrenton, December 24.—Last night
'ill the wee small hours the home of Major
R. Taylor Scott was the scene of much
festivity. A reception was being given in
honor of the fair bride, Mrs. R. Carter
Scott, who appeared in her bridal dress of
white silk en tr./m, and never looking lovelier. Misses Mazie and Rosalle Scott were
beautifully gowned in their bridesmaids'
dresses. From 8 o'clock till 11 the house
was crowded and delightful refreshments
served.

The failure of the bank continues to be The failure of the bank continues to be a cause of distress. So many have lost their little sums which were laid by for squaring debts and having a good time Christmas. Rosenberger is still sick in bed and declines being seen. Great is the indignation against him. His own indebtedness to the firm of Rosenberger, Spindle & Co. is \$20,000.

Brilliant Wedding in Bristol.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]

Bristol., Trnn., December 22.—This evening at 5 o'clock, at the residence of the bride's parents, on Main street, the Rev. G. S. Williams, pastor of the Baptist church, united in marriage Mr. T. D. Moore, a prominent young travelling salesman, and Miss Mary Good. The wedding was a very quiet one, there being no cards issued. The young couple left on the late train for New York, Baltimore, and other eastern cities.

This is a notable month for Hymen. Between this and the 6th of January there will be no fewer than half dozen more weddings in and around this city.

News reaches here this evening that Carrico, who killed Nelson in Grayson county some days ago, has asked that his trial be heard in the United States court instead of the State Court. Judge Ward will decide the matter by January 8th.

HISTORIC HOME OF THE HOOES ON THE BANKS OF THE POTOMAC.

life Country and Choice Fare-Dr. Barnes Hope's Persecutions

Sixty miles below Washington city, in King George county, Va., immediately on the banks of the Potomac river, is time-honored "Barnesfield," the historic home of the Hooes since 1715. As a sacred relic of other and better days; as the scene of many interesting and important events both in war and in peace, "Barnesfield" and its record of noble deeds and noble people deserves especial mention. Its admirable location, picturesque landscapes, and fertile fields render it one of the most attractive places on the Potomac river. The residence occupes a spot slightly ele-vated above the general surface, giving a commanding view of a large area of Maryland and many prominent points as far down the Potomac as the naked eye can reach, including two popular watering-places—"Cedar Point," Md., and "Colonial Beach," Va.

The first dwelling-house at Barnesfield was a magnificent brick mansion, erected by Rice Hooe in 1715—a model of comfort, convenience, and workmanship. Engravings of this house and its beautiful surroundings hang on the walls and grace the homes of a goodly number of the Hooes and their kinfolks to-day, together with a rich poem on "Barnesfield," written by Mirs, Judith Alexander many years ago. From Rice Hooe this valuable estate descended to John Hooe; thence to Gerard Hooe, who married Mary Barnes, of Richmond county, Va. These left three children—Abram Barnes, Elizabeth, and Sarah. The two last-named married Thomas Mason and George Mason, of "Gunston Hall, Fairfax county, Va., the sons of George Mason, of "Bill-of-Rights" fame. The other, Dr. Abram Barnes Hooe, married Lucy Grymes, of King George county, Va. ERECTED IN 1715.

Hooe, married Lucy Grymes, of King George county, Va. In 1841 Dr. Abram Barnes Hooe came in possession of Barnesfield, and owned at during the remaining years of his life. Here he retired from the practice of medi-Here he retired from the practice of mean-cine and became a scientific and practical agriculturist, at the same time devoting considerable time and means to agricultu-ral literature, to which he was an able and accomplished contributor.

Very soon after the close of the Revolutionary war a public ferry was established at Barnesheld—the Potomac being only two and a half miles wide at this pointmaking "Hooe's Ferry," as it was known extensively, the "connecting link" on the great line of travel from Maine to Georgia. Here the "Great men" of the day crossed the Potomac, and often tarried to enjoy the hospitality for which old Barnesheld was proverbial. Since A. D. 1700 Barnesheld has afforded unsurpassed fishing, trapping, and hunting facilities. In olden times, as now, the choicest fish, water-fowls, and all manner of wild game was never, at any sportsman or pot-hunter, either the same of the manner of the day crossed was nown. It is not the mamber kind the result of the manner of wild game was never, at any as now, the choicest fish, water-fowls, and all manner of wild game was never, at any season of the year, absent from the "Bill of Fare" at the table of this old Virginia homestead; and now the fishery at this point is one of the best on the Potomac, and the broad fields abound with partridges, hares, wild turkeys, pheasants, &c., to such an extent that "gentlemen of letsure" and gunners from many of the large cities and northern States are attracted here cities and northern States are attracted here DE. ABRAM BARNES HOOF.

"Barnesfield" contains about one thou-sand acres of table-land, with a river-front of nearly two miles, where the wild waves sand acres of lable-land, where the wild waves of nearly two miles, where the wild waves of old Potomae break upon a wide, sloping beach bedecked with sparkling pebbles and millions of tiny shells. The name of Dr. Abram Barnes Hooe will ever be inseparably connected with "Barnesfield" and its historic events. His pious life, exemplary character, his loyalty to his country, as well as his unswerving fidelity to the cause of the Southern Confederacy during the "late unpleasantness," won for him not only a good name, but the admiration of all good people. But a terrible penalty was inflicted for his loyalty to the South, and this penalty was foreshadowed on the 14th day of June, 1861, when a crew of men from the steamer Resolute landed at Barnesfield and inaugurated their course of destruction by loosing Dr. Hooe's beats from their moorings and carrying them midway the Potomac, where they were wrecked and sunk.

THE TORCH APPLIED. And on the 25th day of June, 1861, the enemy landed in full force, applied the fatal torch, and Barnesfield Mansion was no more. The burning of the house on that memorable day was preceded by a vigorous cannonading from gun boats lying in the river, which forced all the lady nembers of the family and the servants to lee in wagons as fast as possible. Dr dooe, however, lingered in his stable

flee in wagons as fast as possible. Pr. Hooe, however, lingered in his stable-yard, fearlessly watching results and endeavoring to maintain his rights until a shell from a cannon burst at his feet, causing a fragment of a shattered stone from the pavement to inflict a wound upon his face. Then he mounted his horse and rode deliberately away towards the woods in the rear of the house.

A TRAITOR SERVANT.

One of the hitherto trusted servants remained "when all but he had fled" and assisted the Federals in ransacking the house, in carrying off many valuable trophies, and finally played the part of an accomplice in burning the residence. From this time on Dr. Hooe was "hunted like a partridge in the mountain," until at a o'clock on the night of May 10, 1862, when he was taken from his bed at "Windsor," King George county, and carried by the Federals to McDowell's headquarters, at "Chatham," opposite Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock. There he was held under guard in a stable-yard until the 13th of May, when he was taken to Aquia Creek, where charges of "rebellion," "aiding, abetting," &c., were preferred against him. From here he was taken to Washington and locked up with a squad of deserters in the "guard-house" for some time, and thence sent to the "old Capitol" and kept a close prisoner one month.

DIED IN BALTIMORE.

Dr. Hoee died in Baltimore, Md., on the

DIED IN BALTIMORF.

Dr. Hooe died in Baltimore, Md., on the 8th day of November, 1867, aged sixty-two years, leaving two daughters, the eldest of whom married Isaac Foote Hooe, is now a resident, together with her husband and five children, of King George county; the youngest married a descendant of Bettie Washington Lewis, sister of George Washington. She died several years ago and was interred in the family burial-ground at Barnesfield.

2. WILKES BOOTH.

J. WILKES BOOTH.

The reputation of Barnesfield and the loyalty of its people had many times reached the ears of J. Wilkes Booth, and in 1865 when he crossed the Potomac river enroute to the Rappahannock from the deed for which his life paid the penalty he landed at Barnesfield, seeking medical aid at the hands of Dr. Hooe, of whom he had so often heard, but finding a heap of ashes and a vast scene of desolation and ruin instead of Barnesfield mansion, he returned to his boat, rowed down the Potomac to the mouth of Machadoc creek, thence up to the mouth of Gambo creek, thence up Gambo as far as there was navigable water; then, leaving their boat, Wilkes Booth and his weary and worn companion crossed the country on foot. J. WILKES BOOTH.

companion crossed the country on foot.

REMAINING FEATURES.

At beautiful but battle-scarred "Barnesfield" only a few features remain to remind us of the sacred old place as it was prior to the days that tried men's souls. These are the old weeping-willows at the base of the sloping yard; the venerable stable, perforated with bullets; the tall monument which stands in memory of Rice Hoole and the moss-covered pavements running in various directions over the yard.

ments running in various unection the yard.

Here in the family cemetery two tableta point out the graves of Dr. Abram Barnes Hooe and his wife, while smaller stones mark the last resting-place of others of the long line of Hooes. Cf Barnesfield, rich with historic facts and jewelled with happy social events, it may be truthfully said that "half was never told."

J. Sydnor Massey.

Wis Indifference if Not Hostility to Vir

To the Editor of the Dispatch :

familiar figure in Washington city, and Mr. William E. Simms, a Virginian by immigration, who was sent on a foreign appointment in which he lost bits life. As one of these gentlemen is actually and the other is virtually dead, and as I have no earthly knowledge of them except by reputation. I shall say nothing to their disparagement, from respect to the injunction. De mortuis nil nist bouwn. But they certainly were not recognized as jewels of Virginia.

Our venerable Common earth, and a series of the control of

the Quail, Rubbit, and Turkey.

nding them in the snow, as a dog no ungry does a bone or a pone of breas 'oxes are very numerous now and rapidl nereasing. They are hard to trap, an

rents, upon the mercy of this why and are almost at the mercy of this why and most untiring animal, and one will be at no loss to account for the rapid disappearance of the came, Minks do a part

ance of our game. Minks do a par of the missilef, but I venture the assertion that if a way can be found to rid us of the gray for we will shortly have again all of the game w

They Love Quite Too Well.

(New York Weekly.)
Young Lady: "Good morning, Mr. Surplice. You stated yesterday that you wished some of the members of the congregation would solicit subscriptions for a [New York Weekly.]

Ulergyman: "Yes, Miss De Goode, It my ambition to have the largest and

Clergyman: "Yes, Miss De Goode. It is my ambition to have the largest and finest bell in the city."
Young Lady: "I have plenty of leisure, and would like to help."
Clergyman: "Very well. Here is a book. Don't waste time applying to families who live within two or three blacks of the church. They won't give anything."

Anticipation.

With happy eyes the clergyman
The viliage mailen sees,
And, smiling, sees her flirt, and dreams
Of future marriage fees.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAMS

Dizziness, or Swimming in the Head, Wind.

Pain, and Spasms at the Stomach, Pains in the Back, Gravel, and flying Pains in the

We do not know why

Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver

oil is so useful in those simple

due to the glycerine. There

are many effects in medical

practice the causes of which

appear to be plain, but how those causes produce those

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(From Ex-Governor Ireland, of Texas.)

[From Ex-Governor Ireland, of Texas.]

Mr. A. K. Hawker:

Dear Sir,—It gives me pleasure to say that have been using your glasses for some time pawith much satisfaction. For clearness, softness and for all purposes intended, they are not supassed by any that I have ever wor. I would recommend them to all who want a superic glass. Respectfully yours. JOHN IRELAND.

[From the Ex-Governor of Arkansas.]

Having used A. K. Hawkee's New Crystallize Lenses for some months, I have found them the finest glasses I ever used. Sixon P. Hughes,

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je 11-Th_Su&TutMy10nr

30

Body, Rheumatism, etc.

very few persons are able to keep ho Imagine this destruction going on th round to labbits, quail, and turkey

To the Editor of the Dispatch :

JETERSVILLE, AMELIA, VA., December 18, 1891.

Are wrought by the use of Ayer's flair vigor in restoring gray hair to its original color, promoting a new growth, preventing the hair from falling, keeping it soft, silky, and abundant, and the scalp cool, healthy, and free from dandruff or humors. The universal testimony is that this preparation has no equal as a dressing, and is, therefore, indispensable to every well-turnished toilet.

Virginia.

Our venerable Commonwealth could well afford to be ignored even by a modern President of the United States, for whom nearly if not quite half her voters cast their suffrages, but if recognized at all in the dispensation of Federal honors she might not have felt insulted if representative men had been selected for the doubtful distinction accorded her.

A NATIVE REPUBLICAN. "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and was rapidly becoming baid; but since using the Vigor my head is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair head is perfectly clear of dandrun, the nair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartly recom-mend any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair to use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a OUR GAME AND OUR GAME LAWS. It is the Wily Gray Fox that is Depleting

"Some time ago my wife's hair began to come out quite freely.

Wonders

Ayer's Hair Vigor

bald, but it also caused an entirely new growth of hair. I am ready to certify to this statement before a justice of the peace." H. Hillsebus, Lewisburgh, Iowa.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

The preservation and increase of game in the State worthily engages the attention of the Game Association of Virginia and the General Assembly at its regular recurring sittings. But as to how to do it, there are many minds and as many methods. All the while "Bob White" is gradually becoming scarcer despite the series of mild winters we have had for a decade or more, tree from deep and prolonged snows, at least in this Southside section. The gay and festive hare is getting to be rarely seen except now and then, a few just near and around the farm-houses; and the wild turkey, that noblest and most beautiful game bird, has almost entirely disappeared. I want to give my reason for this state of things. The foxes, gentlemen of the Game Protective Association of Virginia, are at the bottom of the whole question of game depletion. You who don't believe this take the testimony of those who tramp about when the snow covers "Some years ago, after a severe attack of brain fever, my hair all came out. I used such preparations for restoring it as my phy-sicians ordered, but falled to produce a growth of hair. I then tried, successively, several articles recommended by druggists, and all alike fell short of accomplishing the believe this take the testimony of those who tramp about when the snow covers the ground and ask them if they ever followed the tracks of a fox about the third night after a snowfall to see the quantity of hares and partridges one fox will catch and kill and hide in the snow in just one night? Their scent is keener than a dog's used eight bottles in two years; more than was necessary as a restorative, but I liked it as a dressing, and have continued to use it for that purpose. I believe Ayer's Hair Vigor possesses virtues far above those of any similar preparation now on the market."

—Vincent Jones, Richmond, Ind. night? Their scent is acceler than a look a their leap upon game is most unerring, and this writer has seen the evidences severa times when one fox in a night has eaught a half-dozen birds and as many rabbits cating the first and pouncing upon the rest from the love of the sport, afterwards

Ayer's Hair Vigor

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5 8:30 A. M. Exc't Sunday for Clifton Forge.
2 8:40 A. M. Daily for Norfolk.
1 2:00 P. M. Daily for Cincinnati.
4 3:20 P. M. Daily for Norfolk.
25 4:30 P. M. Except Sunday for Bothwell.
2 10:30 P. M. Daily for Cincinnati No Richmond.

9:00 A. M. Daily for Lyn't'g & Clifton Forge 11 4:30 P. M. Except Sunday for Lynchburg.

8:20 A. M. Daily from Cincinnati.
11:35 A. M. Daily from Sorfolk.
2:00 P. M. Daily from Cincinnati
6:55 P. M. Daily from Rorfolk.
7:30 P. M. Exc. Sunday from Clifton Forgo.

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8:00 P. M. FAST MA

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10:05 A. M 12:40 P. M.

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11:50 A. M

7:05 P M

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6:24 P. M. leaves | 7:03 P. 6:45 A. M. arrive-0:18 P. M. arrives A

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